NOW IS THE TIME TO THINK ABOUT

Xmas Slippers and Shoes

There is nothing better as a present than something useful. But in the meantime we are offering SPECIAL PRICES on

Men's, Ladies' Boys' and Children's SHOES Come in if you want a bargain.

F. SAUVAIN SIO S. Main St.

SNOW EATING MANIA

A PECULIAR HABIT THAT DEVELOPS IN THE KLONDIKE.

The Appetite, When Once Acquired, Is Extremely Difficult to Control. and to Indulge It Means a Short Cut to the Grave.

Every great discovery in the world's history has brought with it an accompanying affliction, and it remained for the Klondike to develop a peculiar mania that threatens to outrival opium eating. Among the residents of the far north it is known as the "snow habit," and it s said to be incurable. A returned

Klondiker tells the strange story. "There are many strange things in the Klondike," said the narrator, "but perhaps the strangest and that about which nothing has been written so far, is the dissipation caused by eating snow. In the north, when the thermometer reaches 30 to 40 degrees below zero, a mouthful of snow is like molten metal. It brings an inflammation to the palate and tongue and it is impossible o quench the thirst. The first advice an old timer offers a newcomer in the region is 'Don't eat snow.' There are men in that country, once hearty, robust miners, now weak, effeminate creatures, whose fall can be traced directly to the time they began munching snow.

"The matter has been but little investigated, but the scientists who have examined the subject say that the waters of the north are rich with mineral deposits which are being constantly washed down from the mountains. A certain per cent of this mineral is taken into the air when vapor rises, and the snow becomes impregnated with it. There have been several falls of red snow near Point Barrow, the deposit being of a reddish brown color, due entirely to minerals. Thus it can be seen that a person eating large quantities of the snow takes into his system a corresponding amount of minerals.'

While coming down the Copper river last spring the narrator came upon a party of miners where one was dying from the effects of eating snow. He had been a hard drinker, but had run short of whisky. His thirst became unendur able and as water was scarce in midwinter he had taken to eating snow. Soon he claimed it relieved his appetite for the liquor, but his companions nocreased until he was consuming enormous quantities. Gradually his skin, which was a dark bronze, grew light, bis regard at the state of the same was a dark bronze, grew light, bis regard at the same was a dark bronze, grew light, bis regard at the same was a dark bronze, grew light, bis regard at the same was a dark bronze, grew light, bis regard at the same was a dark bronze, grew light, bis regard at the same was a dark bronze, grew light, bis regard at the same was a dark bronze, grew light, bis regard at the same was a dark bronze, grew light, bis regard at the same was a dark bronze, grew light, bis regard at the same was a dark bronze, grew light, bis regard at the same was a dark bronze, grew light, bis same w his rugged stature became bent, and even his harsh voice changed to the effeminate squeak of an old woman. His strength gave way, and his companions tried to break him of the habit. He would lie on his pallet and moan pitifully for a mouthful of snow and when opportunity offered would steal unobserved to the doorway and gulp down huge handfuls. At last, seeing death was inevitable, his companions allowed him, the snow, hoping to prolong his life. It proved unavailing, wever, and one morning the man was

There are some spots on the Copper river where the snow, when melted and strained through a cloth, shows perceptible signs of minerals, and often gold is found plentifully intermixed, but of course not in paying quantities. Where this comes from is a mystery, but it may be brought from the far north by the heavy winter gales that sweep over this part of the country. It has been said that if the snow could be melted away it would leave deposits of millions of dollars in gold dust on the ground.

The narrator had a close call himself from falling a victim to the snow habit. "It was in the winter of 1896-7," he said, "and I was new to the country. An old miner near Dawson had warned me against eating snow, but I, with my partner, had gone back into the hills or a prospecting tour and had got caught in a blizzard. We were shy of pro-visions and on our way up lost the package containing our cooking utensils. This we remedied by broiling our cooked foods, but we had nothing in which to melt the snow. It is claimed that melted snow is harmless, as the metallic deposits it contains sink to the bottom of the receptacle.

"We decided to try it 'raw,' and we did. Whether it was the food or the snow I don't know, but during the week we waited for a chance to get out we had an ever increasing thirst, until, when we were finally able to strike the trail, we were consuming snow at a frightful rate. When we reached our companions, we attempted to assuage our thirst with water, but it did no good. We had acquired a taste for the frozen water, and it seemed to have invigorating qualities. At night we could not sleep unless we took our snow.

"We were fast approaching the de-generate stage when I reached a realizng sense of our condition and undertook to break off. I began by degrees and worked down, but up to the very moment I left the country the sight of the snow always raised in me an inordinate craving. It cost me many sleep less nights and weary days to restrain myself. Had I given way to the habit I would, like many another poor fellow, have lost all ambition and filled an unknown grave in that frozen wilderness." -Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Dynamite explodes so rapidly that its force is exerted in the direction from which the greatest pressure comes. That is, if the dynamite be placed on the ground the explosive force is down; if it be hung against a wall its force attacks the wall; if it be hung under an abject its force is unward.

—Can I help you? Are you looking for anything special?

Visitor (absently)—No, thank you. I was only looking for my wife.—Library object its force is upward.

HOW TO WIN HER LOVE.

> The Interesting Discovery of Mr. Cornelius Hennepin. "Aha!" exclaimed Cornelius Hennepin. "Here is something that I have

> long been looking for-'How to Make Your Wife Love You!" That was the headline over the article that he had started to peruse. He pulled his glasses out of the case, fastened them upon his nose and cried:

"Virginia! Virginia! Come here. want to read something to you." When his wife arrived, he said: "Here is a little article that may interest you. I haven't read it through, but from the way it starts out I judge

that the writer knows what he or she is talking about. 'How to Make Your Wife Love You.' That's the heading. Now, let's see what it says: 'Never come home with a sour look and yell, "Is dinner ready?" as if you were addressing a slave.' I never do that, do I. Virginia? 'Always treat your wife are alone as when company is present.' I think I follow that rule, don't I. Virginia? 'Never try to start a cheap laugh by saying that your wife proposed to you or roped you in.' I have never done that, have I, Virginia?" Mr. Hennepin asked. "And yet," he bitterly continued, "you do not love me as you ought to. I am only 22 years older than you, and there is no reason why you should not regard me with the utmost affection. These very words ought to convince you that I am an ideal husband. But let me continue: 'Do not chew tobacco all day and expect your wife to meet you at the door with her mouth all made. for a loving kiss, and, above all, do no. "rumble if she should ask you for the price of one of those lovely hats in Plume-

leigh's window." "Confound these advertising dodges!" exclaimed Cornelius Hennepin. the papers don't stop lending themselves to such schemes, I'm going to

stop my subscription!" Late the next afternoon a boy with a bandbox rushed up the Hennepin steps.-Chicago Times-Herald.

Trying to Please Employers. Mistress-I am surprised. You say you were married six months ago, diried your hysband last night.

Domestic-Yes'm. You see, at the Now he's found a place where they want a man for gardening and wife to cook, so we got married again, and I'm pack a satchel and then dress for the going there with him. - New York Weekly.

Nuggets From Georgia When the dollar rings, there is always a rush to open the door. There is gold in the land, but we enjoy it most when the other fellow digs

Take time by the forelock. It is also wise to take the mule there. You can't get on the sunny side by waiting for the world to turn round. Men who live in the stars generally

think this is a hard world when they come tumbling down,-Atlanta Consti-

A Dilemma. "Your friend didn't go home to Kentucky to vote." "No," answered Colonel

"and I dunno's I blame him. You see, he's rather nearsighted. If he wore his glasses, his neighbors would think he was putting on style, and if he left 'em off he couldn't see where he was shooting."-Washington Star.

Not to Blame. The Elderly Lady-They say his wife has money.

Bred In the Bone.

"Well, that isn't his fault. They've only been married a short time."-Life.



Gran'pa Macpherson - How many does two and two make, Donald? Donald-Six.

Gran'pa-What are ye talking about? Two and two make four. Donald-Yes, I know, but I thought you'd "beat me down" a bit.-Punch.

Library Assistant (to visitor who is wandering about in a puzzled manner)

Despite his fine qualities Culbertson ras a very modest fellow, and no word of his love for Dorothy had ever passed his lips. He was no coxcomb, and though he was conscious of his ability to hold his own among men he saw in himself no quality to attract women. So when the proud Miss Preston treated him with even less consideration than she bestowed on her other admirers he accepted it all as only what was due him and vent his way in silence.

Meanwhile Dorothy Preston chafed and groaned in spirit under the sting of wounded pride. She refused to see what was patent to every one else-that Fred Culbertson loved her-and only knew that she had, after a struggle, given her heart to a man who had never spoken an affectionate word to her.

It was after a ball one night that her position first came so strongly home to her mind. She had long traed to deny to herself this passion of her heart, but now it rose a strong, full blown love and clamored to be heard. She clasped her hands and with flushed face admitted to herself that she loved Ned Culbertson. "Shame, shame upon me!" she cried.
"I love him, and he has never given me a

word, and they call me proud too." Her lips curled, and she half laughed. Well, I will be proud. I will be too proud to let it be known that I have given my heart unsought to a man

She did not finish the sentence, but the blood flamed up into her cheeks and over her forehead, the tears came into her eyes, and she clinched her hands sharply together.

From that time on if Ned Culbertson

had any faint gleams of hope they must have been entirely extinguished, for Dor-othy Preston's manners toward him were a revelation of frigid disdain. Did she with as much consideration when you touch his hand in the dance, it was shrinkingly, as if she abhorred the slight contact. Did she speak to him, it was with such distant hauteur that his blood froze. And so it continued until he was in despair.

Alone in his office one evening during a busy week he was trying to finish some complicated designs for the interior of a church which was soon to be erected Could one have peeped at him as he sat with bent head over his work, drawing hard at a cigar, one would have said that he was all absorbed in the labor before

But any such thought would have been sprang to his feet and, dashing his pencil into a corner, exclaimed:

"I can't do it, confound it! I can't! stantly I am getting as incapable of thought or performance as an imbecile. And what does it all amount to? She looks at me as if she would like to walk over me, and when she speaks it's like pouring ice water over my head. I can't do anything this way. Rather than en-dure this suspense I would tell her and have her freeze me with a glance or show me the door. Maybe that would put me on my feet anyhow and infuse a little spirit into me, if it were only the spirit

In his lucid moments Mr. Edward Culbertson was a quick thinking and prompt acting man, and in ten minutes he had you were married six months ago, di-vorced three months ago and remar-left on the desk of his first assistant told that gentleman that his superior was suddenly called away and might not be back first place he had they wanted a mar- for a month and left the work of the of-

> When the plan was once settled upon, it was but short work to hasten home

proposed call When he entered the Preston drawing room, he thought that Dorothy had never looked so lovely to him before in all his

He could hardly follow the commonplaces that introduced the conversation for looking at her. And then, more like the rude swain than the polished bean. almost before the greetings were over he had plunged "in medias res."

The girl listened to him, speechless

with surprise, as he poured out his story of love. She could not check him, nor did he give her time to say a word.
"Miss Dorothy," he concluded after telling his story, "I cannot sufficiently thank you for listening to me. I was a madman to think that you would, but I felt that I must tell you how I loved you. I do not ask for your answer, for I am oo sure what it will be. I suppose I'm a fool, but"-and there was a tremor in his voice-"I can't help it, you know. And

now goodby. I-I've got to catch that 10:05 for-ah-I'm going away for a little while for change of scene and forgetful-ness, as the novelists put it." He smiled mirthlessly as mechanically she gave him her hand, and before she had recovered from the shock he had gone. To a woman a sofa pillow is a very sympathetic article, and a certain flowered silk one in Miss Dorothy Pres-ton's room that night received her tears,

laughter and coherent words of joy. Then the same sofa pillow was pushed back into its place in a rather unfriendly manner, hardly consistent with the confidence it had just received, as the proud Miss Preston rose to her feet, exclaiming: "He said the 10:05. I have time yet!" It was just three minutes past 10 when a woman approached Ned Culbertson at

pacing back and forth impatiently awaiting his train. She touched his shoulder. "Dorothy!" he cried.

"Ned, don't go. I—I want you," and then her voice broke. He led her quickly away, for people were beginning to obthem. And once without the staserve them. And once without the sta-tion he kissed her and then put off her clinging hands to tear up his ticket-extravagant fellow!

He went home with Dorothy in blissful dreams. Then he sought his office, took the note off the desk of his first assistant and tore that up too .- Exchange.

How to Get Rid of a Crowd. The late Prince George generally dined on his balcony, during which time his Cossacks played delightful airs from the Russian operas. Crowds of people came to stare most rudely, so one evening there was a very disagreeable smoke which swept over them and drove them away. I had the curiosity to find out the meaning. A stove had been filled with bark and leaves and placed in such a position that the smoke was driven right into the faces of the people, and I could imagine the quiet laugh that went around the imperial dinner table as the people dispersed as sheep having no shepherd.-Review of Reviews.

Somebody remarks that they who sneer at golf know nothing about it. But it may also be said that many who know nothing about the game are most enthusiastic in its praise.-Boston Special December

We place on sale 100 pairs of Ladies' \$3.00 and \$3.50

Friday and Saturday

S4 .00

Beyond a question this is the best shoe bargain offered in this city this year. Special low prices on Trunks and Satchels.

REID BROS.

Up-to-Date Shoe and Trunk House 122 S. Howard St.

BOWLERS

Our New Regulation

Bowling Alley

With that girl's face before my eyes con- claim it is THE BEST IN THE

ALL ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO VISIT

The Finest Bowling Alley in Akron

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BARNEY MCDERMOTT, Prop.

Walsh & Co.

Is the place to buy Climax Stoves, Ranges

and House Furnishing Goods.

SPECIAL PRICES

On Guns, Ammunition and Hunting Coats. Be sure to examine the principles of

Hot Air Furnace You will say, like others have said: "it is the BEST

in the market." No. 1050 South Main st. Near Hankey Lumber Co. Phone 1644.

Our specials for All orders promptly attended to.

TURKEYS QUAIL DUCKS GEESE CHICKENS OYSTERS Roast Beef:

And all kinds of choice meat. BABEL Phone 139

gress to oppose the seating of Roberts of Utah, the polygamist.

promptly delivered.

Mr. Jones or Mr. Brown?

Mr. Eliphalet Brown was a bachelor of 35 or thereabout, one of those men who seem to be been to pass through the world alone. It chanced that Mr. Brown had occasion to visit a town some 50 miles distant. Walking leisurely along the street, he was all at once accosted by a child of 5, who ran up to him, exclaim-

"Father, I want you to buy me some more sugar candy!"
"Whom were you speaking to, my dear?" he inquired of the little girl. "I spoke to you, father," said the little

one, surprised. "Really," thought Mr. Brown "this is embarrassing. I am not your father, my dear." he said. "What is your name. "What a funny father you are." she said. "But you are going to buy me some candy." "Yes, yes; I'll buy you a pound if you

won't call me father any more," said Brown nervously. Mr. Brown proceeded to a confection-er's and actually bought a pound of sugar candy, which he placed in the hands of

the little girl. In coming out of the store they encountered the girl's mother. "Oh, mother," said the little girl, "just see how much candy father has bought "You shouldn't have bought her so

Oxford Muffler

Four-in-Hands

Silk Suspenders

Silk Ties

Imperials

Bow Ties

Silk Socks

Sweaters

Silk Shirts

Stiff Hats

Stiff Hats

Soft Hats

Plush Caps

Cloth Caps

brellas

brellas

Kid Gloves

Fur Gloves

Night Robes

Rubber Coats

Mackintoshes

Cordurov Pants

Suit of Clothes

Overcoats

Mocha Gloves

Child's Fur Mitts

Child's Fur Gloves

Collars and Cuffs

Collar and Cuff Boxes

Everything

High in Quality

and

Low in Price

at the

Ferbstein's Old Stand.

After she died, which was when

scissors has never before or since been

THE LADY THE WINNER.

Amusing Occurrence In an Office

Building Elevator In Chicago.

People who ride in "lifts" in this

city acquire some queer experiences at

times. The calling of the floors where

passengers desire to debark or embark

not infrequently produces some amus-ing situations. It all depends upon the style of the person making the an-

nouncement. Of course conductors are mute participants in the game.

Here is one happening of vesterday

equaled.-Lewiston Journal.

Mikado shirts

Puffs

Tecks

Shepard Plaid Muffler

Persian Silk Muffler

Initial Handkerchiefs

Luzerne Underwear

Solid Gold Cuff Buttons

New style Ladies' Um-

New style Gents' Um-

Cardigan Jackets

much at a time, Mr. Jones," said the lady. "I'm afraid she will make herself sick. But how did you happen to get home so quick? I did not expect you till

"Jones—I-madam," said the embar-rassed Mr. Brown. "It's all a mistake. I sin't Jones at all. It isn't my name. I am Eliphalet Brown of W-, and this is the first time I ever came into this "Good heavens! Mr. Jones, what has

put this silly tale into your head? You have resolved to change your name, have you? Perhaps it's your intention to change your wife?" Mrs. Jones' tone was now defiant, and

this tended to increase Mr. Brown's embarrassment. "I haven't any wife, madam. I never had any."

"And do you intend to palm this tale
off upon me?" said Mrs. Jones with excitement. "If you are not married, I'd

like to know who I am?" "I have no doubt you are a most re-spectable lady," said Mr. Brown, "and I conjecture from what you have said that your name is Jones, but mine is Brown,

madam, and always was."
"Melinda," said her mother, suddenly taking her child by the arm and leading her up to Mr. Brown, "Melinda, who is this gentleman?"
"Why, that's father!" was the child's

mmediate reply as she confidently placed her hand in his.
"You hear that, Mr. Jones, do you? You hear what the innocent child says, and yet you have the unblushing impudence to deny that you are my husband! The voice of nature, speaking through the child, should overwhelm you! I'd like to know if you are not her father why you are buying sugar candy for her? I should like to have you answer that.

But I presume you never saw her before in your life?" "I never did. On my honor I never did. I told her I would give her the sugar candy if she wouldn't call me father any

not to call you father! Oh, Mr. Jones, this is Infamous! Do you intend to desert me, sir, and leave me to the cold charities of the world? And is this your first step?"
Mrs. Jones was so overcome that with-

out any warning she fell back upon the sidewalk in a fainting fit. Instantly a number of persons ran to her assistance.
"I don't know her," said Mr. Brown.
"She len'f my wife. I don't know anything about her!"
"Why, it's Mrs. Jones, ain't it?"

"Yes, but I'm not Mr. Jones," "Sir," said the first speaker sternly, "this is no time to jest. I trust that you are not the cause of the exciteme

which must have occasioned your wife's fainting fit. You had better call a coach and carry her home directly.' Brownsaw that there was no use protract the discussion by a denial. He therefore, without contesting the point. ordered a hackney coach to the spot.
Mr. Brown accordingly lent an arm to
Mrs. Jones, who had somewhat recovered, and was about to close the door

"Why, are you not going yourself?"
"No! Why should I?" "Your wife should not go alone. She has hardly recovered." Brown gave a despairing glance at the crowd around him and, deeming it use-

ess to make opposition where so many seemed thoroughly convinced that he was Mr. Jones, followed the lady in. "Where shall I drive?" "I-I-don't know," said Brown "Where would you wish to be carried?" said Brown.

"Home, of course," murmured Mrs. "I don't know"-"No. 19 H- street," said the gentleman already introduced, glancing con temptuously at Brown.

"Will you help me out, Mr. Jones?" of high rank paid her honor. One man said the lady. "I am not fully recovered from the fainting fit into which you florins for three small cuttings. The "Are you sure that I am Mr. Jones?" empress of Germany paid her 4,000 florins for a trophy she had cut, bearing asked Brown, with anxiety. "Of course!" the arms of Emperor Leopold, crowned with eagles and surrounded by a gar-

I am. But, if you believe me, I was land of flowers. She also cut the emfirmly convinced this morning that my peror's portrait, which can now be seen in the Royal Art gallery in Vienna. A truth, I haven't any recollection of this great many people went to see her, and Brown helped Mrs. Jones into the par- she kept a book in which princes and lor; but, good beavens! Conceive the as- princesses wrote their names.

tonishment of all when a man was discovered seated in an armchair who was had lived 65 years; her husband, Adrian the very facsimile of Mr. Brown in Block, erected a monument to her lady. memory and had designed upon it the form, feature and every other respect! "Gracious!" exclaimed the "Which is my husband?" portraits of these titled visitors. Her An explanation was given, the mystery cleared up and Mr. Brown's pardon sought for the embarrassing mistake. cuttings were so correct in effect and so tasteful as to give both dignity and value to her work and constitute her an

Mr. Brown has not since visited the artist whose exquisite skill with the place where this "Comedy of Errors" scissors has never before or since been happened,-London Evening News. WITH A PAIR OF SCISSORS.

the Wonderful Artistic Feats Per-

formed by Joanne Koetren. More than 200 years ago a little girl was born at Amsterdam, Holland, whose name was Joanne Koetren. She was a peculiar child in that she cared nothing whatever for play and sport. but found her greatest delight in making copies of things about her, imitating in wax every kind of fruit and making on silk, with colored floss, exact copies of paintings, which were thought wonderful.

The czar, Peter the Great, and others

which is certainly out of the usual run But after she had become very ac-Half a dozen passengers entered an complished in music. spinning and emelevator in a big down town office buildbroidery, she abandoned all these for a ing. Doctors office there almost to the 190 S. Howard St., cor. Mill still more extraordinary art—that of cutting. She executed undscapes, maexclusion of other professions. One boy with a package asked to be deposited rine views, flowers, animals and porat the second floor. A woman stood traits of people of such striking resemmute while a medical man thought he blance that she was for a time quite the would leave at the fifth. The conductor wonder of Europe. She used white paturned an inquiring head and the re-St. Louis, Dec. 1.—The M. E. church pers for her cuttings, placing them over maining passengers with one voice congress wired a resolution to Washing- a black surface, so that the minute ton, calling upon every member of conchiming in full chorus shouted: openings made by her scissors formed "Tenth." the "light and shade."

"Seven up," murmured a gentle

roice as the car reached the indicated Two men seeking the tenth floor glanced at each other with grins of appreciation as a stenographer, and a pretty one, by the way, entered the car. She seemed unconscious of having created more than passing interest, but the conductor was alive to the situation. "The lady wins," he muttered to himself as he gave the lever a yank and the car shot upward again. - Chicago Chronicle.

The little daughter of a local clergyman has reached the age where big words are apt to floor her and where she is very sensitive to the remarks of an brother.

One on the Rector.

Not long ago she came running to her father. "Papa, papa, George called me

"Why, what did Georgie say?" "Oh," said the little girl, with trong expression of disgust, "he said I practiced what I preached! I don't,

"Well, my child, I"-"But I don't, do I, papa? I don't any more than you do, do I?' And then the rector choked up. But he took a half hour from his sermon and explained the meaning of the obnoxious expression to the best of his ability.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Coincidence. "Somehow I'm awfully stupid tonight," remarked young Borum languidly the other evening. "Indeed you are." retorted Miss Cut-

ting, somewhat impulsively. "Do you really mean that?" asked the young man in surprise. "I merely indorsed your remarks. Didn't you just now assert that you were stupid?" she queried.

"Yes," he responded, "but I only said so without thinking. "And up to the time you spoke of it," she replied. "I only thought so without saying it."-Pearson's Weekly.

THOSE METEORS.

A Thrilling Romance of the Faraway Philippines. silver moon floated high above the palms. Night birds called just as they do in Stephen Crane's books. A solemn hush had fallen on the land, such a hush as falls upon the congregation when the rector says, "Let your light so shine." Aguinaldo sat on the bank of a listless flowing stream pondering, with chin sunk on his breast, like Na poleon in the ten store lithographs. Then with one accord the heavens burst. A rain of stars fell, their reflections twinkling on the yerdure. Aguinaldo pulled himself together with a start.

"Takawana! Takawana!" he call ed in an affrighted tone. The faithful aid came around from behind the bush. "Oh, Takawana, Takawana! What

was that?" "Only a meteoric display," was the "Thank heaven!" exclaimed the shivering leader as he fell upon the neck of Taky. "Methought I had been cap-

tured and was being spanked. Come! Untether the mule and let us be off!" A silver moon floated high above the nalms. The night birds called .- De-



ma, but how does it work?-New York

Journal. The Danger of Modesty In Politics. The chairman of the state committee glanced at the latest batch of returns and sighed wearily. His look was the look of a man who had no hope, who saw an abyss at his feet and knew that he must plunge into it. "Why, what's the matter?" his chief

assistant asked. "You look ill." "I am," the chairman replied. "Have you seen those latest figures?" "Yes, but surely there is nothing in them to discourage you. They only add to the glorious victory we have won. Our plurality keeps getting greater and greater as the distant

counties are heard from." "Yes," groaned the chairman, "that's the trouble. My career as a campaign manager is ended. After this I shall be shelved. The party managers will never repose any confidence in me again. Our vote will be at least 8,000 above my highest claim! I have always been afraid that my accursed modesty would ruin me, and now the worst has come."-Chicago Times-Herald.

A Parent's Cares. A Voice In the Dark-Papa, please give me a drink of water. I'm so thirsty. "No; you're not thirsty. Turn over

and go to sleep." A pause. "Papa, won't you please give me s irink? I'm so thirsty." "If you don't turn over and go to leep, I'll get up and whip you."

Another pause. "Papa, won't you please gimme a frink when you get up to whip me?"-Tit-Bits.

The Minister's Mistake

This story is told of a prominent preacher: On a hot Sabbath as he was reaching he took from his pocket what he thought was his handkerchief, shook tout and wiped his face, intently talking all the time. To his surprise a broad smile was on every face in his audience. when he' discovered that what he had put in his pocket for a handke hat morning was a pair of his little child's drawers, the legs of which were quite visible as he wiped the perspira-tion from his face.—Homiletic Review.

WATCH YOUR KIDNEYS.

The Most Important Organs In the Human Body-They Throw Out All Diseases.

SWAMP-ROOT CURES WEAK KID-NEYS.

Does your back ache? Do you have pains across your kidnevs? Is your complexion chalky, gray,

Is your skin dry or feverish? Are there puffy bags beneath your eyes? Are your eyes dull, listless and dead-looking?

Do you have to urinate several times in the night? Is there ever a

scalding, burning sensation there?
Do you feel the desire immediately to urinate again, with no result? Is your urine clouded, thick or

cles float in it?

at once, absolutely free by mail.
The results will surprise you.
Swamp-Root is purely vegetable,
pleasant to take, and is for sale by druggists everywhere in bottles of two sizes and two prices—fifty-cents and one dollar. Bear in mind the name, Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y.

Condition of Hayward.

Killed Firing a falute. PITTSBURG, Dec. 1.—At the unveils accident was due to the premature e

"In order to cettle a little bet," the roung man said, passing a ring over the showcase, "please tell me whether the correct pronunciation of the name of the stone in that ring is turkeeze or turkwoize.

it back. "The correct pronunciation is glass," e said.-Chicago Tribune.

and I'm going over there this evening to cheer him up Wife - Why don't you bring him Husband-Well-er-I'm not feeling

Detroit Free Press. wonder why it is that girls are always told that

wonder why it is that boys can't go and do the Their pas do and still not git licked or lectured Their pas, they nearly always amoke, and many

I wisht somebody'd tell me why it's always dread ful wrong Fer boys to do things that their pas keep dois right along; I wisht I knew why girls can act jist like their

It is said that cowbells are produced in only four factories in the United States and are made just the same as they were 100 years ago and sound the

Are you irritable and hard to please? Do you feel as though you have heart trouble?

milky?
Is there any sediment or do parti

Don't neglect these conditions, and if they or any part of them are yours. Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, will be found just the medicine Here's a simple test for the kid-

Here's a simple test for the kidneys, just as certain as though a physician were in personal attendance on your case: Pour some of your "morning" urine in a glass or bottle and allow it to stand twenty-four hours. Then hold it up to the light, and if you find any settlings or sediment, or if it is thick or milky, or if small particles float about in it. or it small particles float about in it, don't hesitate for a moment, but write at once to Dr. Kilmer & Co., write at once to Dr. Raman imme-menton the DEMOCRAT, and imme-menton the DEMOCRAT, and immediately begin using the sample of Swamp-Root which you will receive

Nebraska City, Neb., Dec. 1.—Dr. Whitten posted the following bulletin at 6 o'clock last night: "Senator Hayward had a very restless day, having allot very little. His temperature is pulse 80, regular and softer than in morning; respiration 24 and still intermittent. He is more conscious of his condition. His paralysis remains.

of the Spanish cannon in the Allegheny park. Private James C. Starkey of Bat tery B was killed and two other men bers of the squad painfully injured while firing the governor's salute. The into the cannon, which was stationed on Monument hill. Corporal Springer may lose his right eye.

The jeweler inspected it and handed

Needed Cheering. Husband-Smikeson's wife is away.

very well and need a little cheering up myself.-New York Weekly. An Important Matter. "Elizabeth scared us all nearly to death by sending back a telegram. "Had she forgotten something?" "No. She wired us not to eat all the apple butter while she was gone."-

they ould do jist like their mammas do in every single way!

It's offul cary fer a girl to git along, becus

They praise her up fer actin jist the wa
mamma duz.

of them chew, And wunst my pa he got so mad I heard him

and, what is more, git loved a lot and praised up

In India elephants over 12 and up to 45 years of age are deemed the best to they are 80 years old.

were fewer temptations in those days. Henneck-Why, my dear, the pro on of women in the world must have

been about the same.-Life.

purchase and will generally work until Mrs. Henpeck—No doubt the ancients were considered wise because there